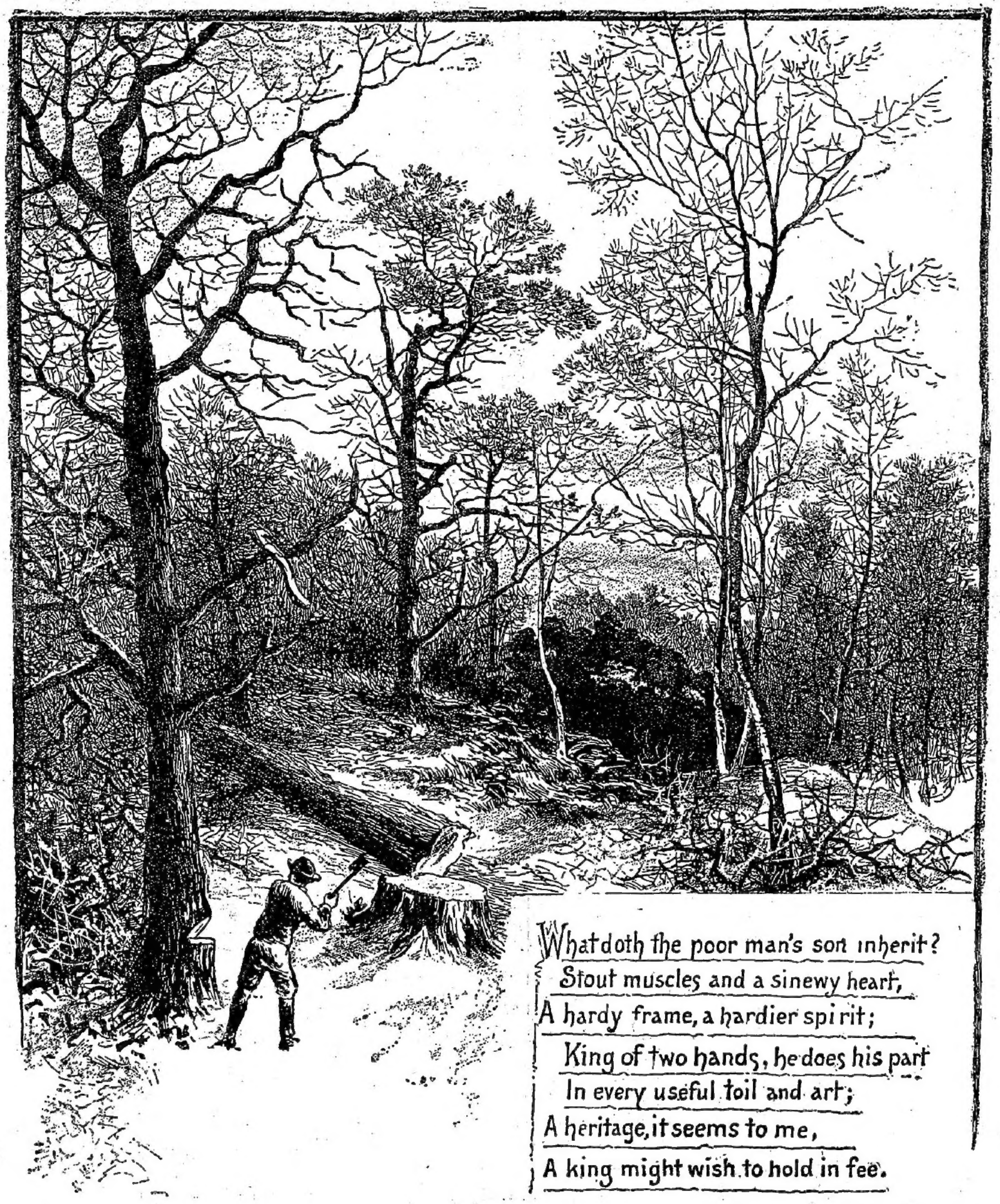
NORTHERN MESSENGER



What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

James Russell Lowell.

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AUBERT GALLION QUE
W M Pozer 1589

A MISSIONARY CALL.

Friends, oh, friends! the King is coming!
Go ye out through every place,
And prepare the way before him,
Make it straight before his face.

In the desert make a highway,
In the city clear the street,
And, "Behold, the King is coming!"
Say to every one you meet.

Over Himalayan mountain,
Far through Afric's desert sand,
Bear ye on the royal standard;
Cry aloud, "He is at hand."

"Tell it out" to "China's millions,"
Spread the news through fair Japan;
Tarry not, but speed the message,
Send it on from man to man.

Send it o'er the lone Pacific,
To her thousand lovely isles;
There proclaim the joyful tidings,
Where eternal summer smiles.

Where the cold north wind is blowing,
O'er Siberia's frozen waste,
With the story of salvation
Let the standard-bearer haste.

"Tell the news to every creature,"
Was the Saviour's last command
Then, wherever men are dying
Let the preacher take his stand.

Through the ranks of Christian sleepers,
Let ten thousand voices cry—
"Wake and watch;" the Bridegroom cometh,
Up and work; for he is nigh.

See ye not the fields are whitening
To the harvest of the Lord?
Rouse ye! rouse ye! time is flying;
Scatter wide the Gospel word.

Let it gird the earth's wide circle;
And, wherever man hath trod,
To the conquest of the nations,
March, O mighty host of God!

—*Selected.*

THE AMUSEMENT QUESTION.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Suppose you have proved to your own satisfaction that you can occasionally witness a good play without injury, that by no means settles the question of duty. Is it not true that, on the whole, the theatre as an institution is injurious to morals? Is it not compelled to draw its attractions, if not from absolute vice, at least from a border-land that lies very near to it? Is not the character of the men and women who do its work such, as a class, that we are scarcely shocked at the grossest scandals in their private life, but regard them almost as a matter of course? This being the fact beyond dispute, can you afford by your money or your example to help sustain such an institution?

The same argument holds good again at card-playing. The card party in the private parlor may be but a harmless evening diversion to the young lady who gives it, an innocent refuge for the emptiness and stupidity which cannot converse because it will not take the trouble to think, but to some of her guests be fatal food for a passion which grows to an insanity not second to the appetite for strong drink, and which its victim will gratify at any cost. The whole interest of a game of cards, in the parlor or the saloon, turns upon the chance involved, whether it be the mere delight of winning or the more substantial stake, and what essential difference is there between playing for five dollars in a saloon and playing in a parlor for the prize bought with the five dollars? Do you say a difference in the demoralizing surroundings? But the passion acquired and encouraged in the one place has led many a young man to the other. Temptation that finds the young woman in her sheltered life assails her brother and friend at every step, and many a fair young girl would quail in horror could she know the story of scores who have been drawn into the deadly snares of the gambling den and the billiard hall by an irresistible desire to gratify the skill first acquired in her society, in a so-called Christian home. Is any mere amusement worth such a possible price?

I might add to the list the dance, and from a purely physical standpoint show you that, to the great majority of those who participate in it, it is a tax upon the vital forces which they cannot afford to meet, and is a direct temptation to the fatal expedient of rousing by stimulation the exhausted body and weary brain.

These things and others classed in society as amusements, have no proper claim to the name; they are in every sense dissipation, wasting body, brain, force of character, mental and moral power. God does not say of every transgression, "Thou shalt not." He leaves to you the work of judgment and reason; and having given you the ability to decide, holds you responsible for the decision, a responsibility which you cannot escape by pleading the usage of society, and allowing yourself to be carried helplessly along by its force.

But to the Christian is added the very highest motive for regarding the obligations so laid upon him, a desire for such a life as shall bring him into communion and fellowship with God. To all other questions he is bound to add, "Does this form of amusement interfere with my spiritual growth? does it unfit me for prayer? does it weaken my desire for a higher spiritual life, and lead me away from God?"

If it does, that ought to settle the question for me. Where I cannot go and feel that my Father is with me, there I will not go; what I cannot do without hiding from my soul the clear shining of his face, that I will not do, but let me not dishonor him by counting him a hard master, or speaking of his service as if he were like the gods of the heathen, pleased with renunciation and sacrifice for their own sake. I have no doubt he looks with approval upon the gladness and hearty merriment of youth, as an earthly parent upon the sports of his children, even though to him their sports and amusements must seem trivial. He has filled the world with possibilities of rational pleasure for your sake, and wishes you to make use of them.—*Golden Rule.*

SILENT WITNESS.

BY MARION THORNE.

Do you realize that you are day by day bearing silent witness for or against the Master? Do you watch to see that this silent witness of your daily life agrees with the lessons which you teach to that class of yours in the Sunday school?

Those scholars are watching you. They have keen, wide-open eyes, and they are just old enough to begin thinking for themselves. Do you warn them against the theatre, and the dance, and the card-party, and yet go yourselves to these places? If so, be sure your scholars will find it out, and how much influence will your warnings have then? Those boys or girls watch you through the week. If you tell them on Sunday that the grace of God is sufficient for his children at all times and under all circumstances, and that he is able and willing to bear all our burdens for us, and then go around the other six days of the week with your face all twisted up into frowns and wrinkles of care and anxiety, which witness will be believed—that of your face, or that of your lips?

Those scholars watch you in church. If they see you looking at everything that goes on around you, and whispering comments to your neighbor; if they see you interested in everything but the sermon,—what effect will the lesson have, when you speak to them of the reverence due to God's house and to God's day?

I heard our pastor mention a case in this connection not long ago. A young girl who desired to unite with his church on profession of faith was asked what had led her to her decision. She answered: "I have been led to it by the solemn, earnest, reverent manner of my Sunday-school teacher in church. She sits just in front of me, and I have watched her Sunday after Sunday, all these years; and I thought that if she felt religion to be such an important matter, it was time for me to think about it."

Do we Christians realize the influence for good that we might exert just by our faces? The trouble is that we cannot look happy and peaceful and care-free unless we are so, and we do so cling to our weary old burdens of care and anxiety. We ask the Lord to carry them for us; and instead of leaving them at the foot of the cross, we pick them up, and fasten them more securely than ever upon our own backs. Why do we not take the Lord at his word, and cast all our cares upon him, and take in their place that "joy unspeakable" and "peace passing understanding" which he offers to us?

A pure, peaceful, happy face is one of the rarest sights in this world, and one of the most winning. It is a silent witness for the Master which we may all bear if we will, and have we any right not to bear it?—*S. S. Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON I.—APRIL 7.

THE TRIUMPHANT ENTRY.—Mark 11: 1-11.

COMMIT VERSES 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee.—Zech. 9: 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus the Prince of Peace is to triumph over all the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 11: 1-11.
T. Matt. 21: 1-11.
W. Luke 19: 29-44.
Th. John. 12: 12-19.
F. Zech. 9: 9-16.
Sa. Ps. 24: 1-10.
Su. Rev. 7: 9-19.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Bethphage and Bethany:* villages close together on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives. *Mount of Olives:* a mountain east of Jerusalem, and less than a mile from the city. So-called from its olive-trees. 2. *Ye shall find a colt:* of an ass. In the East the ass is in high esteem. Stately and swifter than with us, it vies with the horse in favor. The horse was a mark of war; the ass, of peace. All Christ's triumphs are for peace, and by peaceful means. 3. *Send him (back) hither:* i. e., Christ will return it to its owner. 7. *Cast their garments:* cloaks, outer garments. An eastern custom to give the highest honor. 8. *And many:* in Nero's time a census showed that 2,700,000 Jews were present at a passover. 9. *Went before, and..... followed:* i. e. those who had come out from Jerusalem to meet him, and those who followed him from Bethany. *Hosanna:* the Greek spelling of the Hebrew word for "save now" in Ps. 118: 25. 10. *The Kingdom of David:* the Christian church is the development of the Old Jewish church. It is all one kingdom. *Hosanna in the highest:* highest strains, highest heavens.

SUBJECT: JESUS THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

QUESTIONS.

I. PREPARATIONS (vs. 1-6.)—Read all four accounts of this event. To what place was Jesus still going? In what village had he spent the previous night? (John 12: 1.) Where were Bethany and Bethphage? On what day of the week was this procession? Was it their Sabbath? Where did Jesus send two disciples? What for? How did Jesus know what would take place? Why did he want a colt on which no man had ridden? What were the disciples to say to the owner? Should we give to Christ whatever he tells us he has need of? Would it be a pleasure to help Jesus in this way? Have we anything of which "the Lord has need"? Did Jesus return the colt? What lesson do we learn from that?

II. THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION (vs. 7-10.)—What did the multitude do for Jesus? What did they say? What did they express by these facts? Meaning of "Hosanna"? What Psalm did they quote? (Ps. 118: 25, 26.) What is it to come in the name of the Lord? Why is it blessed to belong to his kingdom? How was Christ's kingdom the kingdom of David? (Isa. 9: 7; Luke 1: 33.) Of whom is Christ a king? Is he your king? Will his kingdom triumph at last? (Ps. 45: 6, 7; 72: 8; Dan. 2: 44, 45; Rev. 11: 15.) Will he triumph by the arts of peace or of war? (Rev. 14: 6, 7; John 18: 36.) What is the use of speaking our praises of Christ? Who shall praise him most? (Rev. 7: 11-17.)

How may we honor Christ? Why should we honor him? Ought we to have religious enthusiasm? What was the object of this great procession? What prophecy was fulfilled by Jesus at this time? (Zech. 9: 9; Matt. 21: 4, 5.)

How did Jesus know what would take place when he sent his disciples to Bethphage? Of what was this triumphal procession a type and prophecy? Is there any danger in religious enthusiasm? What did (he multitudes do soon after this? (Luke 23: 21.) Were these the same persons? May not many of those in this procession have been among the numbers converted at Pentecost? What are the blessings in religious enthusiasm? What is there in Christ and his Gospel to call out enthusiasm?

III. SORROW AMID REJOICING.—What did Jesus do when he reached the top of Olivet? (Luke 19: 41-43.) Why did the sight of the city make him sad? (Matt. 23: 37-39; 24: 1, 2, 7, 21, 22.) Does Jesus still feel sorry for those who will not repent and come to him? What does this fact teach us? What did Jesus say to some who opposed this demonstration? (Luke 19: 40.)

IV. CHILDREN'S HOSANNAS (v. 11).—What did Jesus do when he reached Jerusalem? What took place in the temple? (Matt. 21: 15, 16.) Why should children praise Jesus? In what ways can they best do it? What has Jesus done for children? Is the church aided and blessed by children joining in its services of praise?

LESSON II.—APRIL 14.

THE REJECTED SON.—Mark 12: 1-12.

COMMIT VERSES 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John 1: 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The rejection of Jesus Christ is the most ungrateful and dangerous of sins.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 11: 12-33.
T. Mark 12: 1-12.
W. Matt. 21: 33-46.
Th. Luke 20: 9-19.
F. Isa. 5: 1-7.
Sa. 1 Pet. 2: 1-12.
Su. Eph. 2: 11-22.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Speak unto them:* to the Pharisees and scribes, but in the presence of the people. *A certain man:* representing God. *Vineyard:* God's kingdom; (1) the Jewish people, (2) the Christian church, (3) each heart. *Hedge:* of thorns, or a stone wall. The laws and institutions which separated the Jews from all others. *Winefat:* or, wine-press, often dug out of the earth or the solid rock. *Tower:* built for the use of the keepers, who defended the vineyards from thieves and animals. The hedge, wine-press, and tower, represent the advantages conferred by God upon the Jews, the church, the soul. *Husbandmen:* rulers of the Jews. *Far country:* i. e, God appeared to withdraw from the earth, thus testing the fidelity and obedience of his children. 2. *A servant:* the servants were the prophets. Every special care to love and serve God, every service at the church, every providence of God, every voice of the Holy Spirit, every season of revival, is a servant whom God sends to us for the fruits that are due him. *Fruit of the vineyard:* repentance, righteousness, obedience, worship, love. 5. *Him they killed:* as Jeremiah, Isaiah, etc. (See Heb. 11: 36-38.) 6. *One son:* Jesus. 7. *The inheritance shall be ours:* they felt that Christ's teaching would destroy their influence and power in the nation; and, if they slew him, they could still hold it for themselves. 8. *Give the vineyard unto others:* the Gentiles. (Acts 13: 46.) 10. *This Scripture:* referring to Ps. 118: 22, 23,—a Psalm which the Jews applied to the Messiah; also applied to him in Acts 4: 11; 1 Pet. 2: 7. *The stone:* Christ, the Messiah. *Builders:* same as husbandmen.

SUBJECT: REJECTING OUR SAVIOUR AND KING.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE VINEYARD GOD HAS INTRUSTED TO MAN (v. 1.)—Who is referred to by "a certain man"? What is represented by the vineyard? Who by the husbandmen to whom he let his vineyard? What was a wine-fat? What was the hedge for? The object of the tower? What do these represent? What had God done for the Jews as a nation? What privileges had he conferred upon them? What is meant by the owner's going into a far country?

II. THE FRUIT GOD EXPECTS FROM HIS VINEYARD (v. 2).—What had the owner a right to expect from those who used the vineyard? On what grounds had he this right? Were a part of the fruits rightfully used by the husbandmen? What fruits did God expect from the Jews? (Ex. 19: 5, 6; Lev. 26: 3, 4; Deut. 4: 5, 40; 28: 1; Matt. 22: 37; Ps. 99: 9; 107: 8.) Were these fruits a blessing to the Jews as well as a requirement of God?

THREE APPLICATIONS.—I. In what respects is our country like this vineyard? What has God done for this people? What fruits has he a right to expect? Do these fruits bless us? What are some of the blessings which will follow if we bring these fruits to God? (Deut. 28: 1-14.)

2. In what respects is the Christian church like this vineyard? What blessings and means for bringing forth fruit has God conferred? What fruit has he a right to expect?

3. In what respects are we, like these householders, intrusted with a vineyard? What great things has God conferred upon us? What fruit has he a right to expect from us? Does this requirement of God forbid us to enjoy these fruits, or are we most blessed in bringing them to God?

III. GOD'S MESSENGERS REJECTED—THE FRUIT REFUSED (vs. 2-5).—Whom did the householder send for his fruits? Who are represented by the servants? by the son? In what ways does God call upon us for the fruits? What did they do to the servants? How were some of the prophets treated by the Jews? (Heb. 11: 36-38.) Name some of them. In what respects do men now treat God's messengers to them (the Bible, the Sabbath, the Holy Spirit) as the husbandmen treated these servants?

IV. GOD SENDS HIS BELOVED SON. HE IS REJECTED (vs. 6-8).—Who was next sent? Why would they be expected to reverence him? What did they say? What did they mean by seizing the inheritance? What did they do to the son? How did the Jews treat Jesus? Did they expect in this way to retain their power and save their city for themselves?

V. THE CONSEQUENCES OF REJECTING CHRIST (vs. 9-12.)—What was the punishment of the wicked husbandmen? How were the Jews punished for the rejection of Christ? How long after this was the destruction of Jerusalem? Was that the end of the Jewish dispensation? To whom was the vineyard afterwards intrusted? What is the meaning of v. 10?

THREE APPLICATIONS.—1. In what ways may our country refuse to give God the fruits he requires? Can the country prosper if it rejects Christ and his principles? What will become of it then? (Deut. 28: 15-24, 38-48.)

2. Can the church prosper if it neglects Christ's truth and seeks its own glory, and is not full of good works, and doing missionary work?

3. In what ways may we reject Christ? Is this ungrateful after all he has done for us? What will become of us if we reject him? (Matt. 7: 23; 10: 33; 25: 46; Gal. 5: 19-21; Rev. 21: 27.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1889.)

1. Apr. 7.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark 11: 1-11.
2. Apr. 14.—The Rejected Son.—Mark 12: 1-12.
3. Apr. 21.—The Two Great Commandments.—Mark 12: 28-34.
4. Apr. 28.—Destruction of the Temple Foretold.—Mark 13: 1-13.
5. May 5.—The Command to Watch.—Mark 13: 24-37.
6. May 12.—The Anointing at Bethany.—Mark 14: 1-9.
7. May 19.—The Lord's Supper.—Mark 14: 12-26.
8. May 26.—Jesus betrayed.—Mark 14: 43-51.
9. June 2.—Jesus Before the Council.—Mark 14: 55-65.
10. June 9.—Jesus before Pilate.—Mark 15: 1-20.
11. June 16.—Jesus Crucified.—Mark 15: 21-39.
12. June 23.—Jesus Risen.—Mark 16: 1-13.
13. June 30.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 4-13.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. EWING ON COOKERY.

At the National Woman's Christian Temperance Convention, held at the Metropolitan Opera house in New-York, Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Professor of Domestic Economy in Pardue University, Indiana, spoke as follows:

"I have been trying to induce the young women to turn their attention in the direction of domestic economy for a good many years; to study the household arts, the science that underlies the household arts, and all these years since women have wanted to vote I have wanted to vote. All these years since women have wanted to close up the dram shops, I have wanted the dram shops closed up. I believe in Prohibition but I believe in something better than that, and I am here to-night to tell these young women, and to tell all the women within the sound of my voice that I know something that will put down drunkenness better than voting. . . . . There is a terrible affinity between bad bread and sour mash whiskey. Food is the mightiest force of the universe. The manner of men and women we are depends in a great measure upon the food we eat. Deranged stomachs long for stimulants, and to many feet the hands of the ignorant cook paves a pathway to the saloon. All or a large portion of the 50,000 drunkards that die annually in the United States have the appetite for liquor aggravated, if not implanted by the food that constitutes their daily diet. Why? Because it has brandy in the pudding, wine in the clear soup? No, because it has oceans of alcoholic powers in the half-baked, indigestible bread. I do not mean to say it is right to put wine in the pudding or in the mince-pie, but in the unsatisfactory food we have there is an immense temptation to drink. The husband or son goes away from the family table with an unsatisfied appetite, for why should he be satisfied with the food that the American cook prepares? Who is the average cook? She is a woman just over from the other side, who cannot speak English and who does not understand the first principles of wholesome food. (Applause.) Is it any wonder that, with a deranged stomach, with an unsatisfactory breakfast, going out with a bad taste in his mouth, a man should think that perhaps a drink of beer would give him a better taste? There is where an immense temptation comes in. Why, ladies, I have been working for better food; some people think I have but one idea and that is something good to eat. (Laughter.) And when I say good, I emphasize it because good means healthful. It means good bread and meats, good coffee and good tea, if one chooses to drink it. Sloppy coffee is a tremendous temptation for lager beer. I have heard a great many heart-rending histories in the last few years, since I have been working in this missionary line of better food. One gentleman in Chicago said to me in the presence of his wife—it was supposed to be an amusing observation, but it was a sort of ghastly smile that accompanied it—'My dear, what dinners I should have if they could be crocheted.' (Long Applause.) . . . . We have not such homes as we shall have in the future. Now I want to tell you one thing, and then I am done. I have often heard American women praised beyond the women of any other country. I have often heard them called the grandest women in the world, and I believe that they are. But if they are—if American women are the grandest women in the world, they are undoubtedly so because American men are the grandest men in the world. (Laughter.) Now I have often noticed this peculiar loyalty of the American husband and the American father and the American son.

"If it is possible for me to glory in my husband and my son more than I glory in my mother and my daughter, then, I must be prouder of the American husband as a general thing for this wonderful loyalty. Now I want to tell you what it is. I have known men who have lived day after day on food that was not fit for an intelligent dog to eat. (Laughter.) He would stoutly insist that it was all right, and that his wife was a splendid cook. I glory in that sort of loyalty. At the same time I think bad cookery makes thousands of drunkards, and that we shall never have better cookery until we have schools of domestic economy connected with all our educational institutions. (Applause.) The household drudgery must be lifted up and placed upon a level with intellectual pursuits.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

Years ago there was a prejudice against women practising medicine, but that has almost totally disappeared, and capable and excellent women physicians are now graduated, and their services are in demand. Dr. Mary Jacobi, who is one of the best physicians in New York, and whose income is put as high as $40,000 yearly, says that women physicians are making rapid strides forward. A great many women are to-day serving in the capacity of nurses who ought to be making money and fame, and, best of all, alleviating distress as physicians. They lack only the necessary collegiate training and hospital experience, and it is well worth while to put themselves to some trouble to acquire these. A woman in taking hold of the practice of medicine, or rather her preliminary education, should study her ground carefully. She can in a short time make blunders which years will not undo. She ought to decide what particular branch of practice is best suited to her tastes and to the locality which she proposes to select for her home.

It is useless for a woman to attempt a general practice, such as we see most men physicians engaged in. They are not physically able to endure it, neither is it prudent for them to be abroad at night even with an attendant. Of course, exceptional cases will arise where her services will be needed at night, but in nearly every instance she can be prepared for it, and use her own good judgment in planning for her arrangements. A man physician is not expected to consult his own pleasure as to the class of people he is called to attend, the character of disease, or anything of that kind; but with a woman it is different. She cannot tear away from the custom of her sex and still command respect. Therefore, it is best for her to select a specialty, and conduct as far as possible an office practice. The diseases of women are specially to be recommended. In this direction lie the greatest possibilities, and if women physicians were to study this branch of practise devotedly and conscientiously, and crown their work with success, the day is not far distant when the man physician would be the second choice of suffering womankind. This is but natural. The diseases of the eye, ear, and throat offer the most flattering pecuniary advantages and freedom from exposure. For the woman who has sufficient bravery and energy, who will study with her whole heart and win a diploma meritoriously, there seems to be a bright future just discernible in the distance all rosy with the prospects of success.—*Woman's Work.*

HIGH ART IN SHOPPING.

It is an easy matter for one with a well-filled purse to go shopping, but it takes genius to buy wisely and well, and it is indeed "High art," when a meagre income is made to provide things comfortable, convenient, and tasteful, for the different members of a family, after reserving a little of it for a "rainy day." The meagre incomes are common enough, but the geniuses are rare; therefore, a few hints that might help one to do shopping more economically may not be amiss.

In the first place, find out what your income is, as nearly as possible, and never go beyond it; never even use it all—life has too many contingencies. Pay for everything when purchased, if possible; if not, be sure and have a monthly, or at the farthest, a quarterly settlement of all bills. You can pay small amounts more easily, and buy to better advantage in this way. Cash customers are profitable, you know. Moreover, you will be less likely to indulge in things you cannot afford.

In the next place, provide yourself with some kind of a blank book, and in it keep an accurate, itemized account of all household expenses, with the name of the firm where purchased and date of purchase. Decide where the goods, assortment and prices suit you best, and give such an establishment your patronage. It will be but just to them, while often advantageous to yourself.

These are the preliminaries. Now when you are ready for the real business of shopping, always make out a list of things wanted, putting the absolute necessaries first, and never, under any circumstances, spend a penny for anything else, until they are secured. It is cheaper to buy by the quantity, if you can possibly do it, and if you have a suitable place for storing. But, if you are trying to economize, you must not lay in a supply of things but seldom used, however cheap they may be, and thereby risk having positive needs go unsupplied.

Sometimes the best articles prove the cheapest in the end, but not always. You must be your own judge of that, and in order to judge intelligently, you must experiment a little in coffees, sugars, teas, flour and the like, noticing which lasts the longest, and suits you best in every way; then try to get the same brand always.

In adding to the wardrobe of yourself or family, or when purchasing anything for your home, consider occupation, health, habits and surroundings, and the length of time that must intervene before its place can be supplied with something new. Want of harmony and want of taste is often more apparent and more depressing than want of means.

After all, you must do your own thinking and rely on your own individuality. Your neighbor over the way can be no accurate guide for you. Unless you are willing to do all this, and more, unless you are willing to be always trying to discover what you need most, and what you can do without, as well as how to make your home and its inmates attractive and happy, you can never attain to high art in shopping.—*Housekeeper.*

DINING-ROOM HINTS.

Where only one servant is kept it is oftentimes a great convenience to have very little table-waiting done, and such arrangements of furniture and table service as do away with the necessity of keeping the servant in the room or of calling her frequently during a meal are very desirable.

A stand with shelves placed near the left of the mistress, is a very useful piece of furniture for this purpose. The soup plates are handed up to her, and by her placed on one of the shelves. If the tureen is in front of her it is also readily removed to the stand, and from those the vegetable dishes are substituted for it. The meats if brought in smoking hot and kept covered, will rarely have cooled very greatly by the time the soup is finished. Some dishes, such as entrees, are readily kept hot on the stand over a dish of hot water.

The soiled plates are as easily passed down as if a second helping only were asked for. And if the suitable substitutes are already placed before the master and mistress, no delay or hitch need occur in the dinner passing off smoothly and in perfect order, as well as if a servant were on hand, and this without the mistress jumping up every few minutes as otherwise she might have to do. The stand should be large enough to hold all the dishes without crowding, and it should be high enough to have two or three shelves. It can be on rollers, and can easily be moved from place to place when not in use. If this contrivance is not quite so good as a trained waitress, it certainly has the advantage of being a "silent member" in the domestic economy, and moreover requires no wage beyond its first cost. It can be made as artistic as desirable.—*Christian at Work.*

FISH BALLS.

Recently I had in my employ a German girl who excelled in making fish-balls. Every visitor to my house went into ecstasies over them. I don't know whether her recipe was peculiar to her or not, but here it is. These balls were about an inch in size, and as light as can be imagined. She used for the purpose, pickled cod or Scotch haddock, and soaked either over night. In the morning she boiled half a saucepanful of potatoes, and laid the fish on the top, not allowing them to mix. When the potatoes were tender, she turned the entire contents into a colander, and mashed all together through it, adding to the *puree*, a large piece of butter. When all was through the colander, she beat one or two eggs, according to quantity, and mixed with it; then, having a deep saucepan full of boiling fat, dropped lumps of the mixture into it from a big iron spoon. In about three minutes the balls were perfectly golden brown, and were ladled out on paper, or a napkin, to dry. Far remote from the stereotyped fish-ball of the ordinary household, anything more dainty cannot be imagined. Sometimes these were served with a white sauce.

Another valuable article for a breakfast relish, if properly treated, is calf's liver. Here is a good German recipe, very different from our usual conception of liver-and-bacon. A rich brown, sauce is first made by the use of good stock, colored, thickened, and flavored, which is kept at rapid boiling point, and very thin slices of the liver are thrown into it to boil for four, or, at most, five minutes, then withdrawn and laid upon a hot dish, while a tablespoonful of vinegar is added to the sauce as it boils, and it is then poured over the liver, and the dish garnished with parsley.—*Exchange.*

ECONOMY.

A lack of a knowledge of true economy keeps many a family in squalor and filth. True economy consists in a proper adjustment of time, strength, and money. It does not consist solely in saving money; it may consist in spending it. It does not always consist in saving bread crumbs for bread puddings, which frequently prove to be nothing more than flavored and sweetened poultices. Properly made, however, they are very good. Sometimes it may be far better economy to give away a half-worn dress than to rip, wash, dye, press, and make it over with new material. An ample wardrobe and a lean larder go with poor economy. Give each a comfortable showing.

CARE OF CHILDREN'S FEET.

Wise mothers see that the children always have dry feet. Shoes should be loose enough to be comfortable always—half an inch longer than the foot, but not loose enough to slip around. Never let the child wear a shoe that is run over on the side or heel, and constantly discourage the habit of standing on the outer edge of the shoe, turning in the toes, or rubbing one foot over the other. Have the child taught from the earliest hours of understanding that the moment his feet are wet he must change shoes and stockings.—*Helping Hand.*

PUZZLES—NO. 6.

ENIGMA.

I'm in life, light and liberty,
I'm in frail, slight and fierce.
I'm in vanity and victory,
I'm in barrel and in tierce,
I'm in wine, ink and vinegar,
I'm in morn, noon and night,
I'm in pot, pail and porringer,
I'm in three, five and eight,
I'm in fame, fear and fealty,
I'm in catch, come and call,
I'm in love, peace and cruelty,
And when linked together all,
I'm a precept of St. Paul.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

DIAMOND.

A consonant.
Something nice to eat.
A musical instrument.
To finish.
A vowel.

DAISY POWLES.

APRIL ACROSTIC.

Ah my little puzzling elf,
Pass me not but solve me too,
Really think I ought to do!
If you think you're not a fool,
Lo, your name, ——!

EMILY MCNAB.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 5.

CHARADE.—*Content* (Con-tent).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
Initials—St. Valentine.
Finals—Cupid's arrow.
Cross Words—

S	T	O	I	C
T	A	B		U
V	A	M		P
A	L	I	D	I
L		E		D
E	Y	E		S
N	O	R		A
T	E	A		R
I	D	O	L	A T E R
N				O
E	M	I	N	W

OMITTED RHYMES.—
2d line—catch.
3d line—St. Valentine's Day.
5th line—Valentine.
8th line—sunburnt, burnt, sun.

THREE EARS A DAY.—One ear of corn and his own two ears.

The Family Circle.

"NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO, BUT TO MINISTER."

BY LUCY A. BENNETT.

Would'st thou be blessed? Ah, choose to be a blessing.
Wouldst thou be loved? Nay, rather seek to love.
The cup which thou to other lips wert pressing,
Thy solace sweet would prove.

Would'st thou be great? Oh, stoop to lift the lowly.
Would'st thou be heard? Learn first to listen well.
Dost thou aspire to service high and holy?
Some childish grief dispel.

Does fame attract thee to her temple hoary?
Learn for another's sake to stand aside;
Arise, and crown a rival with the glory
To thy white brow denied.

Perchance thou tread'st a pathway dark and dreary,
And yearnest for a heart whereon to rest!
Prefer to let the head of one more weary
Be pillowed on thy breast.

Climb by the pathway of humiliation;
Stoop, and thy trembling hands shall grasp the prize;
Outpour thy life's rich treasure as oblation,
Nor count it sacrifice.

For love of Christ, and not for pride or merit;
For love of Christ esteeming "gain" but "loss";
Who stooped that thou his kingdom should'st inherit,
Who triumphed by the cross.

For he is worthy who hath gone before thee.
Yea, he is worthy, follow him to-day;
Deny thyself, his banner floateth o'er thee,
He leads himself the way.

—*English Paper.*

ONCE ONE IS ONE.

(Good Housekeeping.)

The Christmas holidays were well past, and as Mrs. Burleigh jogged the cradle with her foot, and put new sleeves in Ethel's night-gowns, she sighed a little regretfully as she thought how much the filling of the Christmas stockings had cost; and now she would have to pinch the rest of the winter to make up for it. Here were Ethel's elbows out already, and she did not like to ask Erastus for another cent. Then the baby settled into his nap, Mrs. Burleigh prepared dinner, and her husband came in from the shop and the children from sliding.

"I wish Christmas was coming again next week," said Ethel.

"I think once a year quite enough," replied her mother. "And yet it is a blessed season for the poor! It always does my heart good to hear of Christmas contributions; I always wish I could do such things."

"Well, I don't know," responded her husband, slowly, as he filled the children's plates. "I wish, myself, that the spirit of Christmas giving could somehow be made to extend through the year. It seems to me I would rather give some poor body a good dinner after Christmas than just then. There is Miss Jepson, for instance. I saw her in the market this morning when I stopped to order the dinner. She looked more pinched and prim than ever, if that is possible; and she bought five cents' worth of liver and two sausages. Of course she goes over to Rowland to eat Thanksgiving dinner with her cousin Jared and his wife, but she never goes anywhere else. I believe it would be a good thing to ask her over here to dinner or tea once in a while."

"That makes me think of something Arthur Parker was talking about on the pond to-day," said Theo, the eldest child. "His father heard about it at a minister's meeting. It is something about every one trying to influence ten other people to be good, or doing something for them,—like asking them to dinner. Arthur could explain it beautifully, and it is called 'Ten times one is ten.'"

Mrs. Burleigh looked up from cutting meat and mashing potatoes for Ethel; and pushed the spoon-holder farther beyond baby's eager grasp.

"Dear me, Erastus, how in the world could I invite people to dinner or tea, even if we could afford the expense? It is all I can do to get the meals as it is, with nobody to do a hand's turn but myself. And ten people! Mrs. Parker keeps two servants, and has only one child, and he in the grammar school! She has plenty of time for 'Ten times one is ten.'"

"That is the end of the table," piped up Fred, aged seven. "The beginning is 'Once one is one.' You ought to say that first."

Everybody laughed, as we elders do when the children interject their little remarks into our wise conversation and we think they do not understand; but oftentimes their innocence reaches farther than our wisdom.

"There you have it!" said Mr. Burleigh, nodding at his wife. "Fred, it is a great thing to know your multiplication table. Amelia, we can't do 'Ten times one is ten,' but perhaps Miss Jepson will be our 'Once one is one.'" And Mr. Burleigh picked up his hat and passed out.

"That is just like a man!" thought Mrs. Burleigh, as she piled the plates together. "As if I could ask Miss Jepson in here at any time! The baby would be sure to take that very day to cut a new tooth, and I couldn't even ask her to tea without sponge-cake and custard, at the very least. She would expect it, of course. And what would she think to come right in here—into the midst of the children's litter and din?"

As she sat at her sunny window—sewing—that afternoon, Miss Jepson went by, with her old black shawl drawn tightly around her meagre shoulders, and the same rusty-black straw bonnet, with its limp ties, which she had worn for years.

"She does look forlorn!" thought Mrs. Burleigh. "It must be lonely for her to sit in that one room and make button-holes day after day. To be sure, she owns that little house; but she has nothing else except what she earns. I wish I could ask her in to just what we have ourselves; but I am afraid she would feel I had not 'made company' of her. Still, poor as we are, it must be better than what she has at home. I have a great mind to try it."

By and by Miss Jepson came back down the street, and, just before she reached the gate, Mrs. Burleigh made an errand out to the front door to bring in Fred's sled, which he had left just square across the walk, while he trotted off on some boyish errand. Miss Jepson looked up with her little half smile, and slightly paused as if longing for a friendly salutation. Mrs. Burleigh's heart warmed to her at once.

"How do you do, Miss Jepson?" called she cheerily. "You see what we mothers find to fill up our time." And she shook the snow off a little red mitten that lay beside the sled. Perhaps the mate was on Fred's hand; perhaps not.

"Fred does kite 'round consider'ble, don't he?" responded Miss Jepson, cordially. "He always makes me think of my little brother Jimmie,—just so full of life and fun,—and all you said to him in at one ear and out at the other; but Jimmie made a smart man, too," and a shade passed over the worn face.

Mrs. Burleigh knew that James Jepson, youngest of the large family of which the angular spinster before her had been the eldest, had been the pride and delight of his sister's heart from the time she took him out of her dying mother's arms until word had been brought her that he had fallen bravely at Chancellorsville; and then the sister, who had borne up bravely under loss of kindred and property, gave up all at once, and settled into a grim, silent, elderly woman.

Mrs. Burleigh spoke out impulsively.

"Won't you come in and sit a while, Miss Jepson?" said she kindly.

"Well, I don't know but I will," replied the spinster; and she came up the walk and into the cozy room which served for dining-room and sitting room in one, with its little strew of toys and picture-books, and open sewing-machine, with Ethel's cut-out gingham aprons piled up on one end. The mending-basket stood there with its obvious indications of the presence of children, so different from Miss Jepson's own prim, orderly room, with everything at its proper angle, and not so much as a canary to scatter seed about.

"Lay off your bonnet, and draw up to the stove," said Mrs. Burleigh, hospitably, resuming her low rocker, and taking up some sewing. The baby crept to Miss Jepson's feet, pulled up by her chair, and pounded her knee with his small fist to attract attention.

"You pretty little thing!" said she, taking him into her lap, to his mother's astonishment. When, in a moment or two, he squirmed down and crept away on some baby impulse known only to himself, Miss Jepson took the mending-basket into her lap and drew a thimble from her pocket.

"Nothing seems so folksy to me as a mending-basket," said she, pulling Theo's stocking over her hand. "Mother and I used to have such good times over ours, years ago."

How fast her practised fingers reduced the pile in that basket!

"There," said she, replacing the missing string on baby's bib; "I don't know when I've taken a stitch for a child before, and it has done me good, I do believe. I've kept mother's old, big basket all these years, and it looks more like her than anything else I've got."

Mrs. Burleigh rose and substituted a white cloth for the red one on the dining-table, which occupied the centre of the room.

"How short the afternoons are!" said she. "You must have a cup of my tea, Miss Jepson;" and she clattered the cups and plates hospitably as she brought them from the closet. She brought out light, fresh bread, new gingerbread, (brown and spicy), cheese on a plate like a green leaf—the children wanted something on that plate every day, it was so pretty—a little brown and white platter of cold meat (because Mr. Burleigh liked something hearty), opened a glass jar of peaches, and that was all. It was only every-day fare—such as they always had—after all, and she wondered if she had laid herself open to criticism by inviting company without first making ready.

The children came in with their rattling tongues and little clatter of getting off rubbers and coats and mittens, hushed somewhat at the sight of the unusual visitor. Mr. Burleigh came in with his cordial hand-shake and hearty welcome, and then tea was ready.

How pleasant it all was to the poor, lonely woman! It was a long time since she had enjoyed anything so much as that simple family meal, for the cousin who always invited her to Thanksgiving dinner had no children, and, as Mr. Burleigh had said, she never went elsewhere. He escorted her down the street to the little cottage of which she only used two rooms, except in the heat of summer, when the cooking-stove was moved in the "out-room." She let herself in, hung up her bonnet and shawl in the little entry, and sat down in the old wooden rocker, with its cushion of red and blue woollen patch-work, before the stove, which emitted a rosy gleam as soon as she opened the drafts and poked it a bit.

"Well, Amanda Jepson," she said to herself, "I don't know when you've taken a whole afternoon to visit your neighbors before. It was just as well, though, seeing Ferguson wouldn't have any button-holes till to-morrow, and then he'll send them down by the boy. The Burleighs are bright and cheerful, that's a fact; the children fly 'round just as ours used to. I had a real good time, anyway, and I'd like to pass it on. Wonder if I couldn't now?"

She glanced round the room. The floor had a warm rag carpet, the lounge was gay with a cover and cushion of big-flowered calico, a covered sink was in one corner, and a little stand between the windows held the Bible and almanac, while the rush-bottomed chairs, ranged round the walls, stood up as stiff as soldiers on parade.

"I'll invite Widow Parkinson," soliloquized Miss Jepson. "She's as lonesome as I be, and I don't know but lonesomer. Parkinson wa'nt one to set the river afire when he was alive, but she always seemed to set store by him, too, and the children all died when they was little. She ain't got much of this world's substance, any more than I have, and I guess not as much, finally. I'd have to do a little cooking beforehand. 'Taint with me as 'tis with Mrs. Burleigh. Of course, with so many children, she has to keep cooked up, and so she's always ready if a body comes in unexpected."

(To be Concluded.)

MISS HAVERGAL'S CONSECRATION HYMN.

Rev. E. F. Baldwin writes:—I recently met a devoted Christian nurse, who attended upon Miss F. R. Havergal in her last illness, and was with her when she "fell asleep in Jesus." The minute details she gave me of those days were most thrilling. Some other circumstances she narrated, which I had not seen so fully in print, interested me, and none more so than the story of the origin of those incomparable lines known as the Consecration Hymn, which have since sung their way into many human hearts. As the readers of *The Christian* well know, they begin—

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

The nurse of whom I speak was walking with Miss Havergal one day, in the spring of 1878 (about a year before her call home), around the garden at Leamington, where she then lived. She said, "I want to tell you of the gentle way by which the Lord led one to himself whom I have long known. He had, for years, avoided all services. But in the first year of this leading he began to come to the church, sitting just inside the lobby. The next year he sat just inside the church. The third year he began seating those who came and took a comfortable seat himself. A short time after this I went by invitation to stay with his family. As I alighted from the carriage he met me at the door and said, 'Miss Havergal, I hope you have come to be a great blessing to us.' On his saying that I went straight to my room and asked God to give me every soul in that house, and before I left my prayer was answered. Ten in number, they all became anxious about their souls and found peace. The night this transpired I was so overjoyed I could not sleep. As I lay awake, the lines of the hymn—

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,

passed through my mind, and I put them down in pencil. The next morning I was writing to Rev.——, the head of the Irish Society, and I enclosed these pencilled lines. He had, strange to say, just been preparing an address on Consecration, which he delivered to several hundred people. In the middle of his discourse he read these lines aloud. After the service a gentleman came to him and asked if he might have them printed. He did so; and thus within three weeks after they had passed through my mind thousands of copies were circulating in England and Ireland."—*Christian.*

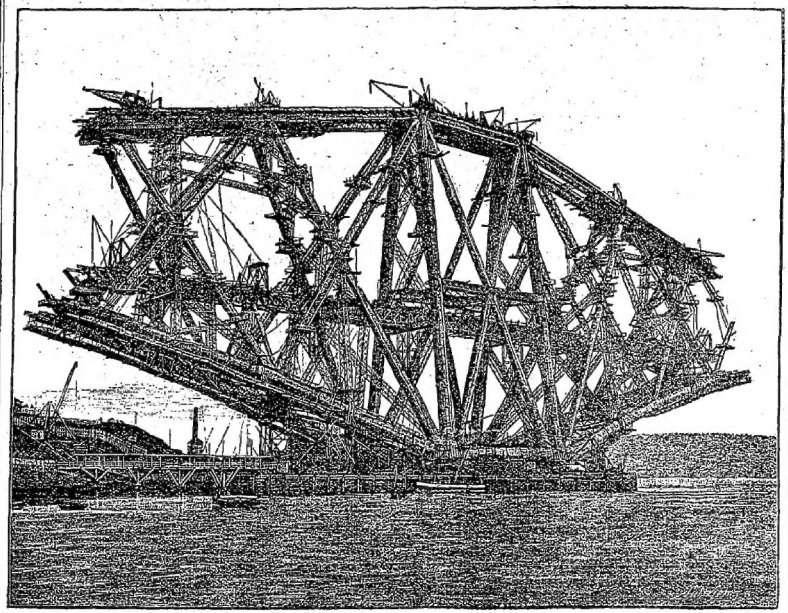
TOBACCO-USING TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.

The temperance reformers who talk so earnestly about alcohol, and have not one word to say about tobacco, opium, and intemperate hours, are superficial workers indeed, with little care or little idea of the real character and importance of their work. It is a well-understood fact that not one half of the real drunkards who take the total abstinence pledge are permanently reclaimed who continue the use of tobacco, and the reason is quite obvious to anyone understanding the elementary principles of physiology. Tobacco has as powerful an effect on the nervous system as alcohol, and its tendencies are to nervous derangement, creating an appetite and almost necessity for alcohol. In the face of this well established fact, is it not sickening and disgusting to see a temperance worker a habitual tobacco-user?—*Exchange.*

WHEN IT RAINS.

Do?—like the things in the garden. Oh!
Just keep quiet a while and grow.
Do?—like the bird. It shuts its wings,
And waits for the sun. Do you hear?—it sings!
Do?—like the lilies. Let it beat,
Nestle below it and be sweet.

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.



FIFE MAIN PIER.

THE GREATEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

The Forth Bridge, which is at present being constructed at Queensferry, bids fair, when completed, to be one of the wonders of the world. It will be of special interest to Canadians, as we have two bridges built on the same principle here; the new railway bridge across the Niagara river, and the new Lachine bridge, one span of which, that over the steamboat channel, is also on the cantilever principle. Already, says Alexander Small, in an account of it in an English paper, it has attracted thousands of visitors, not only from all parts of the United Kingdom, but also from foreign countries. Queensferry is a small town on the Firth of Forth, nine miles west from Edinburgh.

In bridging the Forth, the problem to be faced by the engineers was to devise a *structure to cross that immense* distance of one and a half miles with only one support; viz., that afforded by the island of Inchgarvie. Of course, in the shallow water, piers could be built in the ordinary way; but for a space of 1,700 feet or so, on either side of the island, the channel was too deep to allow of this being done. In addition *to this, the bridge required to be of such* a height as to permit of the unrestricted passage underneath of vessels of all classes.

To Mr.—now Sir John—Fowler was allotted the task of furnishing the design.

The bridge, as now being erected, is 2,700 yards in length; that is, rather more than one mile and a half. At each side of the Forth the bridge is *carried out—until* deep water is reached—on a series of piers built of solid masonry, faced with blocks of Aberdeen granite. Over the deep channel, the bridge extends in two half-arches of 650 feet each, and two great arches, of 1,700 feet each. To sustain these great arches, three gigantic towers of steel are erected, resting on granite piers embedded in the solid rock. These piers are 340 feet in height, above high water mark; and the arches are 150 feet high in the centre, and are formed on what is called the "cantilever" principle. A "cantilever" simply means a bracket; and a cantilever bridge is formed by two brackets united by a central beam.

In forming the two large spans of 1,700 feet, it will be noticed that the brackets do not meet, but are joined by a great central girder, which is about 500 feet in length. This pier is 150 feet above high water. Further, it will be observed that arms project from the tops as well as from the bases of the towers. These arms suspend the lower brackets and central girders, and tend to strengthen and stiffen the whole structure. Each of the three great towers consists of four gigantic hollow *tubes of steel, twelve feet in diameter at* the bottom, and tapering towards the top. The brackets and suspending arms are constructed of similar tubes. The part of the bridge which carries the railway is made of steel girders; and all the various parts are united to each other, to the others parts of the bridge, and to the ground, by such an *innumerable quantity of struts* and ties, lattice-bracing and anchoring chains, for the purpose of giving strength and stability at every point, that the bridge, as now being erected, presents to the eye of the ordinary spectator a mass of details whose complexity is utterly bewildering.

A popular idea of the principle on which the bridge is constructed may be obtained in a very striking way, from what has been termed by Mr. Benjamin Baker, C. E. (Sir John Fowler's able coadjutor), a "living model," and which he thus describes:—"Two men sit on chairs a little apart, with their arms extended and supported by sticks grasped in their hands, and butting against the chairs. These represent the towers and double cantilevers, the sticks being the under members and the arms the upper-members. The central beam or girder is represented by a short stick, slung from the near hands of the two men. In the actual structure the men must be imagined to be 340 feet high—the height of the golden cross on St. Paul's Cathedral; the chairs to be placed a third of a mile apart; the pull on each arm being 4,000 tons; the thrust on each stick, 6,000 tons; and the weight on the legs of each chair 25,000 tons."

Each tower is founded upon four columns of solid masonry, brought up to high water mark, and resting upon the solid rock or boulder clay. The foundation of the Fife Tower was laid in the usual way, with the aid of a coffer-dam, which is simply a vast tub or casing of wooden piles, from the centre of which the water is pumped out, so as to leave a clear space for working. Diamond drills and other ingenious machines were employed in cutting away the rock.

But at the Garvie and Queensferry Towers the water was too deep to allow of this method being followed, and the foundations were laid by means of what were practically huge diving-bells. Iron caissons, seventy feet in diameter, were constructed on shore and floated out. The bottoms of these caissons were set up seven feet above the lower edge, and this under space—70 feet in diameter and seven feet high—was filled with *compressed air*, and formed the chamber in which the workmen carried on their labors. The upper and larger chamber of the caisson was weighted with many thousands of tons of stones, etc., and thus the huge structure sank into the required position as the workmen proceeded with the foundation. Where the bottom was *composed of* mud, the mud was diluted with water sent down in a stream through the caisson, and blown out by the pressure of the air; where it was hard and rocky, it was cut or blasted. When the proper depth was reached, the whole of the caisson was filled with concrete; and on the solid, compact mass, the masonry of the pier was reared. The working-chamber of the caisson was lighted by electricity, and supplied with fresh air by a pumping-engine.

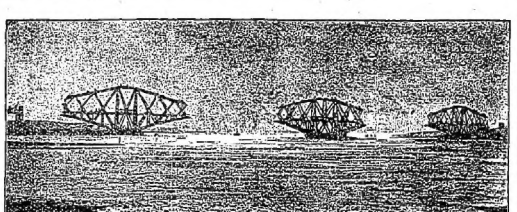
But the erection of the superstructure was of course the greatest achievement. The projecting arms of the cantilevers had to be built out over the deep channel, without any possible support from scaffolding or temporary staging. To one who has watched the progress of the bridge hitherto, it seems as if the huge arms had just slowly grown out to meet each other. This has been achieved by making each bit of the bridge, as it was built, serve as the scaffolding for the next bit. The work, too, has been carried on in such a way that, throughout its whole course, the mass of steel erected on one side of each of the three towers exactly balances the mass on the other side, and thus perfect equilibrium has been maintained. So successful have been the operations hitherto, that although 30,000 tons of steel have been erected, not a single plate or bar has been lost or injured during even the very wildest gales.

The steel plates required for the construction of the massive tubes alone would, if placed end to end, reach a distance of 42 miles. Some faint idea may be thus gathered of the amount of steel required in the work. The steel has been supplied, for the most part, by the Steel Company of Scotland; but, with the exception of the rolling of the plates, every part of the work has been done on the spot. This has necessitated the erection of extensive work-shops and offices; and these, together with the houses required for the accommodation of the great army of workmen, contractors and engineers and their staff, have transformed the little town of Queensferry into a hive of industry. The workshops are capable of turning out 1,500 tons of finished girder-work every month. More than half a million has been spent on buildings, railways, steamboats, and other "plant." In a large shed the designs of each section of the bridge are drawn in full size, with chalk, on the wooden floor. In the carpenter's shop wooden models of every part of the structure are framed. In the vast smiths' shops, where furnaces blaze and steam-hammers make a fearful din, all sorts of machines may be seen at work. Here plates of steel are being bent by hydraulic pressure to the proper radius; there their edges are being planed or cut by knives that go through the solid steel as if it were cheese. In another place millions of rivets are being made or millions of rivet-holes drilled—the latter by a special hydraulic rivetter, devised by Mr. Arrol, which can do the work of 200 men. In a yard outside the workshops, the various plates are put together, so that every part may be seen to fit properly; they are then numbered, and taken apart, and stacked, ready to be floated out and re-erected in the permanent structure.

From three to four thousand men are generally employed on the works. There are quite a large number of Associations for the social welfare and moral improvement of the workmen, including an Accident Fund, Sick and Benefit Societies, a Forth Bridge Institute, with Reading Rooms, etc., a Christian Fellowship Association, a Gospel Temperance Meeting, a Literary Society, Savings Bank, and drawing classes.

Unfortunately, a great number of accidents, many of them fatal, have attended the progress of the works. The greater number of these have certainly been due to the carelessness of the workmen. Others, again, have been due to the fatal curse of intemperance; and the engineer records with much sorrow that a licensed house, which holds out its evil allurements in the vicinity, has been the cause of ruin to not a few of the workmen. Clear heads and steady hands are needed for all kinds of successful work, but are imperatively necessary when the workmen are carrying on their hazardous operations at the giddy height of 150 or 300 feet above the sea, and are taken up and down in iron cages, dangling in the air from wire ropes.

Mr. Arrol, the working-partner of the contractors' firm, is a splendid specimen of a self-made Scotchman. Many ingenious labor-saving appliances have been devised and constructed by him. Lately he was presented by his workmen—who look upon him as a friend as well as a master—with his bust in marble.



VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM THE EAST.

CANARIES AND THEIR CULTURE.

BY KATE BREWSTER.

The entire civilized world prior to 1478 was in the dark as to the existence of canaries. In that year the islands upon which these birds dwelt in their native mountain forests and from which they take their pretty name, were conquered for Spain. Like other discoverers and conquerors Henry the navigator carried home spoils of conquest and among these were the lovely native birds.

They were eagerly sought for and Spanish bird fanciers soon began to breed and import the dainty, but at that time hardy, and long-lived favorites. In 1622 they found a historian in Olina whose book was published at Rome. Earlier writers utter their praises but Olina gives an account of a shipwreck that was of immense importance to the thousands of feathered captives on board. A Spanish ship en route for Leghorn and having thousands of these birds on board went to pieces on the Italian coast.

Away flew the birds to the island of Elba. They liked the climate and went to housekeeping, but the Italians saw their opportunity and instead of paying exorbitant prices any longer to Spaniards, they went to work without a knowledge of the secret Spanish methods of breeding and training, and kidnapping numerous Island-of-Elba immigrants, set themselves up in the trade. To the Tyrol, to Germany, and then far and wide the bird winged its way, or was transported in the peculiar baskets of the increasing traffic.

With a scale of prices to suit all purses he was found everywhere, not only in the wealthiest homes but also in those of a much less pretentious character, among all classes, singing his sweetest songs for rich and poor alike.

THEN AND NOW.

I think we would scarcely have recognized our pet could we have seen him before the period of domestication, when happy and free in his own bright Canary Isles he carolled forth his choicest songs, although not in the cultivated tones with which he is wont to delight us to-day. During the three hundred and fifty years of his domestication, in consequence of careful artificial selection and of crossing with allied species, the canary differs widely, not only in color but a few even in size from the original wild bird. There, in his native land, he is of a dark brown or grayish color, occasionally varied, it is true, with brighter tints, but never equalling in beauty of plumage the domestic bird.

The color most generally admired in the latter is yellow. Sometimes it approaches to orange and again to almost white. There are said to be others more robust, who, in the dark green of the surface of their plumage, show a slight resemblance to the wild bird.

The canary originally is not more than five and one half inches in length, while it is said there is another variety (Belgian) which usually measures eight. There are others also, feather-footed canaries, hooped and bowed canaries and canaries with top-nots, too. There were no less than twenty-seven varieties at the beginning of the last century.

THREE DISTINCT BREEDS.

At the time of their dispersion abroad by the shipwreck, a mild sort of Tower-of-Babel confusion of tongues resulted. The Dutch, the English and the Germans developed three quite distinct breeds, and these breeds have their multitudinous varieties of cross breeds. The bird has the most remarkable genius for adaptation.

The Dutch canary, yellow, with a little head and dull, expressionless face, is a third higher however than the German canary. His merit is chiefly in his clothes, which are especially grotesque and imposing.

The breast and back feathers are long and grotesquely curled and open feathers from throat to breast form a *jabot*, while the curled shoulder feathers look like epaulettes, and sometimes he has a neck-ruff. When he sports all these attractions he is called Lord Mayor, and the French have so adopted him that he is also called the Parisian canary. His songs are but as twittering compared with the melodious, melting music of the German canaries.

ENGLISH BREED AND ITS VARIETIES.

The English have bred canaries which few would imagine could be the most distant relations of the other breeds. They are considered regular patricians in their extreme elegance, and some of them are as large again as a German canary. But, like their Dutch cousins, they are exponents chiefly of what physical culture can do, and though they warble in a fairly respectable way, their song is no song at all in comparison with that of the peerless German songsters.

The English adopted a small variety of the comical and wonderful Dutch canary, distinguished as the Belgian or Brussels variety. These Belgians had a certain peculiarity denominated, "cats-back." Fanciers considered this arched back very beautiful, and, by breeding together the birds of extreme length having a certain development of neck and shoulder, a very peculiar conformation was obtained in the Belgian variety. The English changed and modified this breed and obtained elegance of form and variety of plumage, including tints of copper, green, yellow, black, brown, olive, and red. The Manchester breed is the largest and the Norwich is crested.

THE GERMAN BREED.

The Germans take the palm for songsters, and to the people of St. Andreasburg in the Harz belongs the praise for developing the most remarkable singers. A Harz bird will bring fifty dollars and those of specially trained powers will bring more. Still an untrained Harz bird can be obtained for as little as three dollars.

IN THEIR NATIVE HOME.

ENGLISH BREED (NORWICH MARKED).

It was not until something more than fifty years ago that the musical powers of the canary were brought out by the painstaking Harz trainers. The captivating trillings, warblings, soft flute tones and waver of melody were evolved by a special process of great effort. Neither night nor day did the trainers leave the birds. From the nest the birds were transferred to a flying room for exercising and widening the chest.

After moulting the birds sit quietly on poles and listen with great intentness to the music leader. Thus, like a class, they are said to break forth in imitation of the exercise.

The birds with the best voices are selected for special training. To get low soft tones the little songsters are now put into narrow space and darkness. Thus, it is claimed, hearing but not seeing one another, the bird musicians have more fully learned to concentrate attention upon one song, and the indomitable perseverance with which these tiny creatures work to master a difficult lesson is pathetic as well as interesting. It is claimed that exquisite songs learned in darkness are expressions of bodily satisfaction and that the birds shriek and scream if placed suddenly in the light. But marvellously intelligent as the birds of this breed are they have not as yet learned to sing in the new universal language, Volapuk, and cannot tell us through that transparent sound medium whether they are indeed so cosy and irrepressibly rippling over with content in their dark bowers, as enthusiastic trainers would have us believe.

The adaptation of this exquisite little creature to various lands, various training and modes of existence is remarkable. He is a born traveller, healthy, long-lived, and a regular cosmopolitan. Canaries feed upon a variety of seeds; oleaginous varieties are the best. Sugar is a luxury of which they are most fond and chickweed is considered very healthful for them. A small quantity of the yolk of hard-boiled egg, about what can be put on a knife point, with a little biscuit given a singing bird occasionally, say about three times a week, is strengthening, indeed one that sings steadily cannot well do without it, but, as with all else, it should not be given in excess, but used judiciously. Our "chamber musician," as an eminent writer has aptly termed the canary, is grateful and affectionate. That kind friend of every living thing that cannot speak for itself, Mr. George T. Angell, sympathizingly enters into the needs and condition of a canary's life and under the title "How to make your canary happy," writes as follows:

"A lady of our acquaintance, suspecting her canary might have lice, took it in the early evening after it had gone to roost and sprinkled it well with the insect powder usually sold at bird stores. She then covered the top of the cage with a towel. In the course of the evening she picked 115 lice from the towel. She made that bird happy by killing 115 lice that were living upon it. We have found by experience that nothing adds more to the happiness of our canaries than to buy little ten-cent mirrors and hang them on their cages in such position that neither the sun nor lights shall dazzle the birds. They apparently take as much pleasure in looking at their pretty selves as any young lady or gentleman who reads this article."

Some of these affectionate little creatures are exceedingly sensitive. A well authenticated instance is on record of the death of a canary from a harsh word. The lady who reared it was singularly amiable, and had always treated the bird with great tenderness. Addressed harshly by her husband, in order to give him an object lesson the lady turned to her bird and spoke in the same angry, violent manner. The little creature, full of vigor before, fluttered and died, slain by a harsh word. So there are shades as well as lights to our subject. Nevertheless "happy as a bird" is and will continue to be an easily comprehended illustration of light heartedness.

One fact more and our paper is ended. The joyous carol of the wild bird is still to be heard in its native abandon, and experts say that the Harz bird sings "in the speech of his people." The Harz trainers have simply wonderfully developed the natural freshness and richness of our favorite's song. The canary is a bird of character, and it is with regret we make our parting bow to his little lordship.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WHAT BEER DOES.

A German woman recently said: "You temperance ladies think you know about the evils of intemperance. Could you see what my eyes have seen, and what I have known of my own knowledge in these things, you might talk. The half has never been told. Oh, the brutes that beer makes of men! How their wives run from them and hide themselves! how the children that have been born are idiots and deformed! how women have learned to drink, and were so subjugated by the habit that they felt their souls were lost! I have seen a decent, respectable woman counting her beads, saying her prayers, but the picture of despair. Haven't I told you, Annie" (her eldest daughter), "that if we could vote, we women, we would soon put a stop to these things?"—*Union Signal.*

MY BOY.

A little crib in "mother's room,"
A little face with baby bloom,
A little head with curly hair,
A little woolly dog, a chair.

A little while for sumps and cries,
A little while to make "mud pies,"
A little doubting wonder when
A little pair of hands are clean.

A little ball, a top to spin,
A little "Ulster" belted in,
A little pair of pants, some string,
A little bit of everything.

A little blustering, boisterous air,
A little spirit of "don't care,"
A little tramping off to school,
A little shrug at woman's rule.

A little converse with Papa,
A little twilight talk with Ma,
A little earnest study, then—
A little council grave again.

A little talk about "my girl,"
A little soft mustache to twirl,
A little time of jealous fear,
A little hope the way to clear.

A little knowledge of the world,
A little self-conceit down hurled,
A little manly purpose new,
A little woman, waiting, true.

A little wedding gay at eve,
A little pang the home to leave,
A little mother lone at dawn,
A little sigh—my boy was gone!

—*Selected.*

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.—MATTER.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

From the day that the first human being began to notice the world about him, we feel sure he must have wondered at the strange things he saw. A little baby tries to find out about the things it sees; it looks and examines; it feels and tastes; you see its little eyes follow the light; it turns its head at a sound. Something in this way it must have happened, ages ago, that men noticed and thought about things in the world around them.

The baby finds that the floor is hard, that sharp things prick or cut its little hands, that water is soft to the touch and delightful to splash in, that fire is hot and must not be meddled with; and so it goes on, getting better and better acquainted, day after day, with the world it has come to live in. The baby is really beginning to learn natural philosophy; it is studying, in its little baby way, the nature of matter.

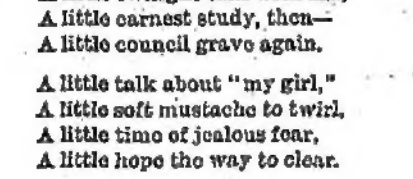


Fig. 1.

Matter is the general name given by men of science to the things that make up the world around us—such things, for instance, as those we can see and taste and handle. From the beginning, when men came on the earth, they studied in much the baby's way the nature of matter, only they carried on their study much more slowly, for they had no one to help them learn.

At first thought, it seems quite right to call hard things, like earth and stone and glass, matter, while liquids like water seem a little doubtful, and air does not seem as if it ought to have such a solid name at all. But air is quite as truly matter as is water or glass, only these three things are all in what is called different states or conditions of matter.

Glass is a solid, water a liquid, and air a gas. Suppose you take a lump of ice: it is is evidently matter in the same state as glass; it is hard and brittle and solid. If you had two clean blocks, one of glass and one of ice, standing side by side, and you were not allowed to touch them or to bring them into a warm place, you would find it hard to tell which was glass and which ice.

Now put two pieces, one of glass and one of ice, on the top of the stove; the glass does not change, but the ice at once begins to melt; it soon is entirely changed into its liquid form, water. The glass, too, would turn into a liquid, which could be poured like water, if you were only able to add heat enough. This is done whenever glass is made into solid shapes. It takes a great deal more heat to liquefy it than ice does.

Watch your ice; in a few minutes it boils violently and begins to go off in steam or vapor. The water is all gone, and the steam seems to be gone too, but it is not; it is in the air in a form you cannot see. Take another piece of ice, melt and boil it in the same way, only while the steam is passing away hold a cold china or metal plate just above it, and you will see it quickly turn back to water again. The condition of matter, you see, depends principally upon the cold or heat to which it is subjected. Most matter melts and even turns into vapor with enough heat. There are a few gases that have never been turned into a liquid or solid, and a few solids that cannot be melted; but ordinary matter can be put into the three states of matter—solid, liquid, and gaseous or vaporous. A solid bar of iron, by adding sufficient heat, can be turned into a liquid, and even into a vapor—iron steam it might be called.

Matter in either of these three states is made up of millions upon millions of tiny particles so small that they cannot be seen with the very best magnifying-glass. Take a lump of white sugar. You see how solid it looks, almost like a little block of white marble. Pound it with a hammer (in a piece of muslin to keep it from flying about.) First it will break up into sparkling crystals that under a little magnifying-glass, for which I paid thirty-eight cents, looked exactly like rock-candy. Pound it and rub it till it gets very fine, almost like flour. Fine as these particles look, they are coarse and large compared to those I am trying to tell you of, those that go to make up the sugar. Through a good magnifying-glass they still look like lumps of clear whitish stone. Drop this finely powdered sugar into a little clear water; it falls to the bottom and lies there, but soon disappears, and the water becomes as clear as ever. Particles of sugar are there in the water, as you can tell by tasting it, just as the particles of water making the steam were in the air, but they are so small that they do not even cloud the clearness of the water. And yet these tiny particles are supposed each one to contain many thousands of others. These tiny particles of which matter is made up are called by a queer hard name, molecules, and these again are made up of smaller particles called atoms.

You have no difficulty in telling an ordinary solid from a liquid or a gas. A stone is a solid; the particles that make it up hold firmly together. If you take hold of one part of it, you move the whole stone. A liquid is also made up of particles, and these particles lie very close together: but they do not appear to be connected firmly together: they slip over each other easily. Some materials are not perfectly liquid. Take molasses, and set it out in a very cold place; it becomes very thick, and pours with difficulty. Now put it in a warm place, and it will pour quite easily. At first it was something like a solid; now it is a liquid.

In order to get some sort of an idea what this liquid state is, let us make a little experiment (Fig. 1.) Take a quarter of a pound of shot of the smallest size. Each of these shot is a solid, but together they act very much like a liquid. Pour them into a small box; they run down, filling the lower part of the box, and coming to something like a level on the top, as water would. The shot slip and settle because they are round; but they do not slip easily, as the water particles do, because they are not perfectly smooth. You know how necessary smoothness is to slipping easily. You would never dream of going skating on a gravel path. The movement of these shot shows you somewhat how the liquid particles pour and slip and settle and take the form of the vessel that holds them. I have used a wineglass instead of a box to show you more plainly what I mean.

In a gas the particles not only slip over each other easily, but each particle seems to have the power of pushing the others away, sending them flying off. A gas, from this quality, always tries to expand, to spread itself, and occupy as much room as it can.

Between the molecules that go to making up different kinds of matter there are spaces. You may get a rough idea of this from the spaces between the shot. You know, too, how easy it is to squeeze out a sponge, or to mash together a piece of bread or cork. These things are full of large pores, into which water or air can get. Some solid bodies have pores too, only so small that they are empty. Even gold, which seems so very solid, will allow water to pass through it if subjected to a hard enough pressure. Some philosophers of past days tried an experiment which is very interesting. They made a hollow ball of gold, filled it with water, and closed it up with more gold. They then put it under heavy pressure. Water cannot be made much smaller than its usual size, no matter what is done to it. When it had been made as small as possible by pressure on the ball, it oozed through the solid gold, and stood like dew upon the surface of the ball. Most solids and liquids can be made a little smaller by pressure; but unless they are full of actual holes, like wood or cork or sponge, they cannot be made much smaller. All gases can be enormously decreased.

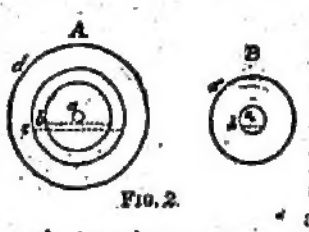


Fig. 2.

Take an ordinary piece of India-rubber used for an eraser, an ivory paper-knife if thin, a piece of whalebone or steel bone, or a piece of an old barrel-hoop; hold one end in your left hand, pull the other aside, and let it go. See how it springs back in place; that is because of the elasticity of the India-rubber, ivory, whalebone, steel, or wood, whichever you use. Pull an India-rubber strap, and see how it snaps back. Drop an India-rubber ball from five or six feet height upon a board which has been thinly oiled, and see the size of the spot removed by the ball (Fig 2). A: *a* is the size which the ball removes when laid upon the oiled board; *b*, when dropped from a height of two feet; *c* is the spot when bounced from about four feet above; *d*, the ball. B: *a* is the paint a glass marble took off when laid upon a board thinly smeared with wet paint; *b*, the size of the spot taken when the marble was dropped from a point five feet above the board; *d*, real size of marble. Now hold the board with the ball upon it up against the light. You see how tiny the place where the board and ball touch, how much smaller than the spot. Now we are beginning to get at the reason for the bouncing of India-rubber. When the ball strikes the board it hits it hard, it is flattened against the board. In trying to become round again, it pushes against the board and jumps up into the air. (Fig. 3.)

An ivory ball is flattened too, as you can find out by dropping one on an oiled piece of marble; and so is a glass marble (Fig. 4). I this moment tried it on a marble hearth—but do not oil your mother's white marble hearth or table to try this. Unless you can try the experiment without hurting anything, be satisfied with the rubber ball. The bounce is from exactly the same cause. Ivory does not flatten much, but it springs back sharply into shape; that is why ivory balls are used in billiards, because they are so sharply elastic. There are some bodies which have no elasticity, or very little. Drop a piece of dough or putty from a distance to the floor; it falls and flattens out, but does not bounce up a particle.

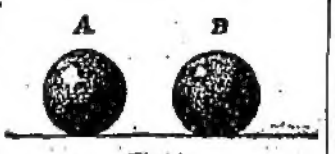


Fig. 4.
A, Marble standing on Slab.
B, Bounced and flattened.

There is one thing more that I want to tell you about matter, and that I wish you to think about and understand, or you cannot understand what comes after this. Part of it you know perfectly well already, but the other part will seem strange till you have thought about it carefully. Matter stays where it is put; it cannot move itself—that is the part you know. The other half of this truth is that if matter is set by some force into motion, it can never stop moving, or change its direction, or move more slowly, of itself. It will go on in the same direction and at the same rate forever. This is called inertia.

You know when you are running fast how hard it is to stop suddenly. Take a saucer or shallow tin plate out-of-doors, so as to do no mischief; fill it half full of water, hold it out level, and move your hand as far as it will go, holding the pan still as level and steady as you can, and moving it as swiftly; your hand comes to a sudden stop, and so does the saucer which you are holding tightly; but you have no hold on the water, and it shoots ahead in the direction in which your hand has been moving.

When you are in a carriage, or car, or ferry-boat which suddenly stops, you know how you are jerked forward. You are moving as the water in the saucer did. You would go not only much farther and much faster, but you would go on shooting ahead, without being able to stop yourself, except for a wonderful force that acts silently, but always throughout the universe, holding things steadily in place—the force of gravity.—*Harper's Young People.*

EVENING OCCUPATIONS.

BY MARIANA TALLMAN.

In a household where I was a chance guest not long ago, I was forcibly struck by the chronic barrenness of evenings which might have been enjoyably fruitful in amusement and instruction. There was the grandfather, whose eyes had long since forbidden him evening readings, dozing in his arm-chair, and waiting for bed-time. There was the daughter of the house, working with deft fingers at some dainty fancy work, and busy with her own thoughts. In the light of the shaded lamp, the mother sat, working always at her own never-ending "fancy-work,"—a basket of hose of various styles and sizes. Opposite was the stalwart son, seizing his opportunity for his only indulgence in literature after the day's labor,—and he always read books well worth reading, too. I could not help thinking that in his hand was the key which might have opened to this silent group a new treasury of delight. Was there any reason why the toiling mother, the infirm grandfather, and the pretty sister, might not listen with enjoyment to the "Conquest of Granada," and the "Tale of Two Cities?" A good book is doubly delightful, listened to in appreciative companionship; and, under its spell, the long evening tasks, that seem so irksome when regarded merely as tasks, come to seem only like indispensable accompaniments to the winter serial.

Fig. 3.
A, Rubber Ball standing on Board.
B, Dropped from height of two feet.
C, Dropped from height of four feet.

Why might not this method also serve to carry a family through some definite course of reading,—the Chautauquan, perhaps, or something even simpler? The authorities do not object, I believe, to information imbibed thus,—by ear, instead of eye,—

"Pervidin' you know what the facts is,
An' tell 'em off jest as they be."

as Will Carleton's committee-man has it.

You young folks who have hitherto unthinkingly absorbed rather than diffused knowledge, try my suggestion, and see if the tales and histories which linger longest and most lovingly in mind be not those you have read aloud or listened to in the companionship of your own household band, "round the evening lamp" of winter nights.—*Morning Star.*

HOW BABY LEARNS TO WALK.

When you see the baby walk
Step by step, and stumble;
Just remember, now he's here,
Both his wings are gone—Oh dear
Catch him, or he'll stumble!

When you hear the baby talk
Bit by bit, all broken,
Only think how he forgets
All his angel words, and lets
Wonders go unspoken!

—*St. Nicholas.*

HOMELY COUNSEL.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't worth while to fret, dear,
To walk as behind a hearse,
No matter how vexing things may be,
They easily might be worse;
And the time you spend complaining
And groaning about the load
Would better be given to going on,
And pressing along the road.

I've trodden the hill myself, dear—
'Tis the tripping tongue can preach,
But though silence is sometimes golden, child,
As oft there is grace in speech—
And I see, from my higher level,
'Tis less the path than the pace
That wearies the back and dims the eye
And writes the lines on the face.

There are vexing cares enough, dear,
And to spare, when all is told;
And love must mourn its losses,
And the cheek's soft bloom grow old:
But the spell of the craven spirit
Turns blessing into curse,
While the bold heart meets the trouble
That easily might be worse.

So smile at each disaster
That will presently pass away,
And believe a bright to-morrow,
Will follow the dark to-day.
There's nothing gained by fretting;
Gather your strength anew,
And step by step go onward, dear,
Let the skies be gray or blue.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

HIS TENTH.

BY MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

The text did not please Silas Bent that day, and he knew the sermon would please him less. He was tired of hearing the same old story, "Give, give, give," to first one board and then another, to missions and missions without end. He knew from the very beginning of it that Dr. Weeks' entire discourse would be an urgent call to his people to adopt the old tithing system, and give at least that much as a matter of course to the Lord. A tithe, indeed! Why, Silas Bent was worth two hundred thousand dollars, with an annual income of twenty thousand. A tithe of that would be two thousand dollars a year, thrown to the winds. So long as he rented a pew, sent his wife to the sociables, and put ten cents each Sabbath morning into the contribution-basket, he didn't see the sense in being everlastingly preached at for money, money, money. No, he wouldn't listen to the sermon. It took an unusually fine one to keep him awake at any time, and he certainly wouldn't even try, this morning, to fight off his drowsiness. A tithe! Absurd! If he had only a dollar he might not mind giving a tenth of it, but two thousand dollars—never!

There lay a snug roll of bills in his vest-pocket, and these he poked down deeper, lest unwarily his nervous fingers, in fumbling for the usual dime, might clutch one of them instead. And then the voice of good Dr. Weeks sounded more and more distant, and presently old man Bent, to the silent amusement of the younger members around him, was sleeping peacefully. Did I say peacefully? Let us follow him to that mystical "Land of Nod."

Bonnets and bald heads and pew-backs had barely faded from his vision when he found himself hurrying along a business street. Yes, of course—Monday morning, and he must not be late at the office. Mail to attend to, and employees to direct, and yet, with all his hurried walking, he enjoyed the fresh air, the sunshine, and the sounds of active life about him.

Suddenly he became aware of a figure at his side, a slender form, in neutral colors. He tried to inspect it closely, but his glasses needed rubbing or something was wrong, for he had only an indistinct impression of a calm countenance and misty gray apparel. It made him nervous, this ephemeral figure keeping step with him.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well," an answer came in measured voice; "I bear a message. You who will not give even one-tenth to the Lord, shall now receive but a tenth from him—a tenth of happiness, of health, of the good things of life. He will give you more than you are willing to give him. He will give you a full tenth."

Silas stopped where he stood, polished his glasses, adjusted them, and stared. The figure had gone. What had it said? "A tenth?" He hardly understood, and started on, intending to forget the gray vision and the calm voice, in his own business pursuits.

But what had gotten into his legs! He could hardly lift his feet or place them one before the other. Odd thing! Why, he had prided himself upon his health and briskness, for twenty years. He shook as though with ague, every breath of air chilled him through and through; he must hurry the faster to the office, and have that rascally Tim build a heaping fire. But the office seemed growing farther and farther away, harder and harder to reach. He ached in every bone. "The Lord will give you a tenth of your health." The words rang in his ear, and he turned pale with horror. The pleasant bustle of the street had grown less clear; he hardly heard the tread of feet, the call of voices, the rumble of wheels. If only he had had Craddock drive down with him that morning—it was too chill to have walked. The very sunshine seemed growing dim—not half so bright, nor a third, not a fifth, nor—merciful powers!—a tenth as bright perhaps. He shuddered Then the air, the very air he breathed, seemed to be growing thinner and thinner. He gasped and choked, and fell heavily to the pavement.

"Help! help!" he shrieked, smothering and terrified; "help!"

A busy man rushed toward him, and poked him viciously in the side with a gold-tipped cane. His head was swimming, his pulses beat but feebly; life, health, sunshine, power, everything seemed flying from him. Then that fiend with the cane and the gray moustache, instead of helping him up and fanning a bit of breath into his body, still punched him mercilessly. He writhed and groaned, and clutched to catch the cudgel and thrust it from him. It felt queer and warm, and larger than it looked. He opened his eyes with a start, and found himself holding with both hands—his wife's elbow.

There were smothered giggles sounding behind him. Cold drops stood on his forehead. He could actually feel the pallor of his face. Maria looked pale, too, and her glance was full of meek reproach.

A dream! Thank the Lord, only a dream! He had suffered untold agonies in twenty minutes by the clock. Brother Weeks was just concluding his eloquent appeal; the elders passed down the aisles with the baskets, and when Silas felt the cold little coin in his pocket it made him colder. Out came the roll of bills, and softly they fell in among the contributions. No one saw it but Maria; she thought he had lost his mind, till he said to her during their quiet walk home: "Maria, who could help giving his tenth after hearing that powerful sermon!"

"It was a good sermon," Maria replied; and when Silas Bent's two thousand went to the mission work that year, she thanked the Lord that her husband had awakened in time to really hear that sound, good sermon, and to gain so lasting an impression from its stirring truths.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

FAMILY RELIGION

Ten years ago, says a student, when an unconverted man, I boarded in the family of a pious woman whose husband was not a Christian. There was a daughter of nineteen, another of fourteen, and a son of ten. Every morning, after breakfast, I heard that humble woman gather her family in the kitchen, and read with them a chapter—"verse about"—in the Bible. Then, as I could not help listening, there was a peculiarity of service which quite mystified me. At last I asked one day if I might remain. She hesitated, her daughter blushed, but said I could do so if I really desired. So I sat down with the rest. They gave me a testament, and we each read a verse in turn. Then, kneeling on the floor, that mother began her prayer audibly for her dear ones there, her husband, and herself; and then pausing a moment as if to gather her energies or wing her faith, uttered a tender, affectionate supplication for me. She closed, and her daughter began to pray. Poor girl, she was afraid of me; I was from college; I was her teacher; but she tremulously asked for a blessing as usual. Then came the other daughter, and at last the son—the youngest of that circle, who only repeated the Lord's prayer, with one petition of his own. His amen was said, but no one arose. I knew they were waiting for me. And I—poor, prayerless I—had no word to say. It almost broke my heart. I hurried from the room, desolate and guilty. A few weeks only passed when I asked their permission to come in once more; and then I prayed, too, and thanked my ever-patient Saviour for the new hope in my heart, and the new song on my lip. —*Christian Guardian.*

DID YOU SPEAK TO HIM?

You had the chance, perhaps such as will never come within reach of your influence again. Ah! how many precious opportunities slip through our fingers. Some time ago Mr. Spurgeon went to preach at a prominent chapel, and, after taking tea at the deacon's house, walked down to the chapel under the guidance of a son of the household.

"Do you love my Master?" was the question which, in his clear, manly way, the preacher put to his young friend. Before replying he stopped in the street, and, looking his questioner straight in the face, said:

"Mr. Spurgeon, I have walked down to this chapel with the ministers for several years, and not one of them ever asked me that question before."

The faithful word was the beginning of new light; and, seeking God, he found pardon and peace through Christ.

Sincere reader, if you be a follower of the Lord, ask yourself the question, "Have I done my duty in this respect?" Or are you letting the opportunities you have from day to day slip through your fingers?—*Exchange.*

Dominion Competition!

LORD LORNE THE JUDGE.

THE "MESSENGER" PRIZE TO BE AWARDED BY THE MARQUIS.

LONDON, March 6th, 1889.
"CERTAINLY.
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This is the cablegram received by the publishers of the *Witness* and *Messenger* in answer to a request that his Lordship the Marquis of Lorne would pass final judgment on the selected stories from each province, and award the Dominion Prize for the first in order of merit. Every Canadian scholar will have a chance to have his story sent to England to the Marquis of Lorne, and probably submitted to Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise. This should prove a greater incentive to boys and girls to send in their stories. Tell all your friends about it. Tell them they should take the *Messenger* to read these stories. Any one who wants fuller information on the subject should send a post card addressed.

In response to a very general appeal, the DATE for sending in essays to this office has been EXTENDED to the end of the present month, and the last day for mailing will be March 30th inst. But all intending competitors should not fail to send in their essays as soon as ready, in order to facilitate the work of selection.

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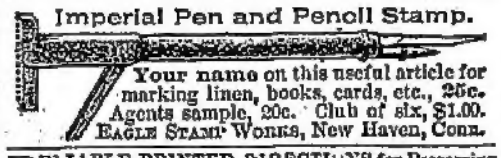

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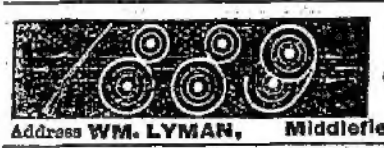

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